

THE MAGNOLIA:

OR, LITERARY TABLET.

Published Semi-Monthly, at One Dollar Per Annum, in Advance.

Vol. I.

HUDSON, AUGUST 9, 1834.

No. 21.

TIME.

Dark-dealing power, around thy way
The wrecks of human grandeur lay;
Oblivion's waters cold and black,
Roll onward in thy gloomy track,
And darkly hide from mortal ken
The traces where thy curse hath been.

The proudest things that earth hath known,
The gorgeous splendor of a throne,
The crest and kingly diadem—
Thy peerless arm hath scattered them:
The power that shook the world with dread,
Lies crushed beneath thy mighty tread.

Successive years around thee flow,
Yet leave no traces on thy brow;
Revening and destroying all,
As firmly now thy footsteps fall,
As when at first thy course was given,
And thy dread limits mark'd by Heaven.

Mysterious power! still deep and strong
Thy tide of years shall roll along,
The sun shall leave his home on high!
The moon and stars of heaven shall die;
But thou shalt be the last to fall,
The conquerer and the end of all.

From the American Month's Magazine, for July.
THE MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER.

At the time this tale commences, Mr. Alstyn was a merchant in New-York, who, by a long course of industrious trading had amassed a handsome competency. There was something in his air and manner which distinguished him in Wall street—speak of a man about fifty-years of age, stout, not corpulent; quick in step, fluent in speech, with a lively black eye, and dark hair slightly silvered on the temples, that was Mr. Alstyn. There was a neatness of uniformity too, in his dress—he might have been known by his blue coat, black pantaloons, and linen cambric napkin, (meet him when you would, it was nine times out of ten in his hand,) all so new-like, they seemed to have been worn for the first time. Experience had tempered a disposition naturally sanguine, and judgement had mustered indiscretions to which he was prone in youth; by those who knew him best, he was regarded as a shrewd, cautious, and sensible man. Though his means were ample, his expenditures were moderate; every thing around him was neat and plain, and intended only for use. Free from the fashion-

manus which at that time attacked certain people like an epidemic, he preferred comfort and ease at his own fireside, and the company of a few friends to the empty display, and unsubstantial show which win the smile of *monied plebeians*. He married, when young, a lady of congenial feelings; seldom did a couple assimilate better, or strive more to preserve each other's confidence and love. They had had several children, yet Heaven took all it gave, years before, except one daughter. She was their joy, their comfort and their pride.

Charlotte Alstyn was now in her seventeenth year. The laugh of her dark blue eye, the tone of her silver voice, and the sincerity of her artless smile delighted the old and captivated the young. Her face was of the Grecian mould,—beautiful, yet her beauty was not so dazzling as at a first glance to hold the gazer in thrall—but every day that she was seen, the more her features charmed, the more her manners pleased. The fresh bloom of health sported on her cheek, and innocence dwelt in the rich curls of her dark hair, that waved over a pure and stainless neck. In every motion of her sylphlike form was gaiety and unaffected grace. She was reared with tender care, and educated not to shine in a ball-room, or flirt at a “*roué*,” but to make a frugal housewife, and an agreeable companion to the man of her choice, when fate would have her wed. It was a pleasure to look at Charlotte Alstyn!

She was a maid as innocent and gay
As ever brushed the dew-drop from the flowers,
Or smiled in gladness at the jocund spring.

One evening Mr. Alstyn was seated at the tea-table with his wife and daughter; at the accustomed hour they took their place, but had not commenced their meal of sociality, for one—a constant guest—had not yet appeared. To beguile the time, he read the newspaper aloud, his wife was making a piece of clothing for a poor neighbor, and his daughter amused herself with embroidery.

“Why don't George come, dear father?” inquired Charlotte.

“I cannot tell, my child; perhaps he is busy in the store.”

“I am sorry he is not here, for I have learn-

ed a new song that I wish to sing for him; it is a sweet, plaintive, air, father."

"This is the only evening in a month," said Mr. Alstynne, "that he has not been punctual; and yet it is the only one in that time I have wished particularly to see him."

At this instant the bell rung, and in a few moments George Gilmore entered the parlor; Charlotte bounded forward to meet him.—Had a stranger seen the pleasure which danced in her eye, as he took her hand, and had he heard the half reproachful tone in which she asked the cause of his delay, he might have guessed how warmly these young hearts beat in unison. And had he seen the welcome which the parents gave, he would have known that whatever feelings did exist, it was sanctioned by them. George Gilmore apologised for his delay—Charlotte spoke of her song—he presented to her a new novel; Mrs. Alstynne put aside her work and rung for tea—while Mr. Alstynne laid down the paper, and asked the news.

George Gilmore was the son of an old friend of the family, whose parents died a few years before, leaving him barely means sufficient to complete his education. He was now about twenty one years of age—tall, manly and graceful; to a generous disposition he added a noble heart; and by every one he was prized for the correctness of his conduct, for his probity, and honor. A few years before this period he entered a store in Pearl street as a clerk, and lived in the hopes of commencing business with a small capital, when time and experience should enable him to manage its details with prudence and skill.

George and Charlotte had long been intimate; it is unnecessary to tell the history of their hearts—in a word, they were betrothed. While Mr. Alstynne approved of their attachment, he cautioned them, as they were yet young, not to cherish the hope of a speedy union. He told them that George must be settled in prosperous business for a year or two, and that Charlotte must number twenty years, at least, before he should consent to their union. This was the situation of the parties at the time we have chosen to introduce them to the reader.

Tea being over, Charlotte proposed to play the new song, but her father interrupted by claiming the ear of George, for a proposition of importance which he had to make to him. It was to this effect:

A commercial house, fitting out a vessel on a trading voyage to the Islands of the Pacific, and the mainland ports bordering on that migh-

ty sea, had that morning asked Mr. Alstynne to recommend a supercargo. He named Geo. Gilmore. It may be supposed that at first the youth heard the proposition without favor—for how could he leave Charlotte whom he loved so well! What vicissitudes might not three years produce! However, the advice of Mr. Alstynne, which he supported with many sage suggestions, was not to be lightly disregarded. But, independent of all other considerations, Mr. Alstynne offered to loan George on his own note, payable without interest thirty days after his return, four thousand dollars, to make an investment, and obtained from the owners of the vessel, freight free, for whatever goods he might ship. Mrs. Alstynne seconded her husband's advice, and even Charlotte was prevailed on to urge his acceptance of the offer: he did except, but with a heavy heart. The vessel was to be ready for sea in a very few weeks, and he was kept busily engaged in preparation for the voyage.

As the day of sailing approached, Charlotte became sorer and sadder—there was a perceptible change in the bloom of her cheek—but she felt it was a sacrifice which duty demanded, and she schooled her heart to bear the separation with fortitude.

One evening while George was, as usual, a visitor at Mr. Alstynne's, the parents retired, and for the first time the lovers were left alone. Charlotte suspected that there was a cause for this, or which she had not been informed: gazing eagerly—we might almost say sternly, in George's face, while tears coursed down her cheeks, and her voice was thick with grief, she asked, "tell me, George, when do you sail?"

"Why ask that question, dear Charlotte?"

"Because they say, it will be soon."

"Soon indeed; it was soon from the first moment that I accepted the offer."

"Tell me, I beseech you; by the love you cherish, by the truth you profess, by the faith you have plighted, tell me, George, when do you sail? Why do you not speak?"

"Charlotte, dear Charlotte, you shall know."

"I will know, George. I would not lose the luxury of bidding you farewell, of taking the last grasp of your hand—the last, last look of your face, no, not for the wealth of the Indies. O, George, I would hear you say farewell. Promise me that and I shall be satisfied."

"I do promise. Now tell me, what shall I bring you from the Pacific?"

"Bring me!—bring your own dear self, in health and prosperity: come, if in poverty, I

will comfort you—if in sickness, I will nurse you: come, and if bereft of every friend, I will be thy own, thy Charlotte still, and love you dearer in misfortune."

"My kind, kind girl!" exclaimed he, and throw his arms around her neck, and imprinted upon her now wan cheek, the proof of pure and holy love.

"George," said she, drying her tears, and smiling in her grief, "I thought to have surprised you by sending on board the ship this likeness of myself; but I cannot, George, I cannot, I must give it with my own hand. Take it, and keep it for my sake."

He took it eagerly—gazed an instant on it, and pressed it to his heart.

"How like!" he exclaimed, "it smiles too! Charlotte, it was with such a smile you gave your heart away—I shall never forget it. Would that in my long absence I could look on the original as often as I shall gaze upon the counterfeit presentment! The world's wealth could not purchase this treasure!"

"You will be careful of your health, George; when the storms blow, take care; and when the big waves run high, do not dare too much, but keep in the cabin—you may remember that not long ago a young friend of ours was swept into the sea and lost."

"I feel the wealth of life in being loved by you."

"It will be a long time before I shall see you again: spring, and autumn, and summer, and winter will come and go before you return—what a long, dreary time. And then you will be far away—the very world between us—should you be sick, George, I wonder who will tend you! I should so like to be that one."

"The same providence that shields me here, will protect me hence. Cheer up, I would not have you sad. O, Charlotte, I forgot, I have brought you a plain gold ring—let me put it on your finger, and never till you forget me, take it off."

"Never till I forget you! then will I wear it to my grave. It is unkind, George, to say never till I forget you; how can I forget!"

At this moment Mr. and Mrs. Alstyne entered; they saw by the agitation of the lovers, that an affectionate, a trying scene had passed between them, and guessed that George had, contrary to his determination previously expressed to them, told Charlotte that to-morrow was the day fixed for his departure.

"Well, I see," said Alstyne, "resolutions are easily broken at the persuasion of those we love."

"Has he told thee, my daughter," added Mrs. Alstyne, "that he sails to-morrow?"

"To-morrow!" shrieked Charlotte, "O George," she continued, "you might have told me this sooner—I think that I could have borne our parting better."

"I promised, Charlotte; from the moment I made that promise, it was upon my lips to say—to-morrow—but I could not, Charlotte, no, I could not speak the word." It would be tedious to describe the parting scene—let our reader imagine it. They parted.

About a year after George Gilmore had sailed, by one of those revolutions in trade, which the most prudent merchant can neither foresee nor avoid, losses accumulated upon losses, and Mr. Alstyne became a bankrupt! It was a severe affliction, and it preyed deeply on his spirits. The mother and daughter bore with patience and resignation the misfortune that had befallen them, and without a murmur retrenched their expenses. By many soothing ways they strove to alleviate the sorrows of the father. They spoke of better days in store, of a speedy settlement with his creditors, and of seeing him soon in business again. "You have health," they said, "and an unsullied reputation. What though wealth is gone; time and industry will regain it, and we will help, and comfort, and bless you still."

The irritable bearing in this time of trial had a favorable effect, and Mr. Alstyne began to bear with fortitude his reverse of fortune. His pride, deeply wounded, had kept him secluded for several days after his failure, but now he was prevailed on to show himself in Wall-street. Every one he met spoke as kindly and respectfully as before, and his spirits revived. He prepared a statement of his affairs, and offered a compensation to his creditors. Many were willing to relieve him on such terms as he thought himself able to fulfil. The kindness, which thus far he had met, cheered him, and his fireside was again happy—he smiled in joy as he gazed upon his wife and daughter, and hoped soon to resume business and retrieve his losses. Deceitful Hope! thou ever smiling one! Alas, how little that thou promisest is ever realized!

Instead of meeting a continuance of that feeling which promised a speedy settlement of his affairs several of his creditors harassed him by every means in their power—and those creditors too, from whom he had reason to expect most favor—and had they confessed the truth, would have told that to the very man they now opposed were they indebted for their success in the world. Such is the recompense of hard-hearted creditors! Such

the ingratitude of man! This second blow distressed him even more severely than the first; and, in a moment of mortification and despair, he surrendered without a discharge all his effects. These did not satisfy the demands of his creditors: on the balance due, judgment in course of law was soon obtained. In this time of unmerited persecution his wife fell sick and died. It was a sad, sad day to Charlotte,—poor girl, how bitterly she wept, and sighed—"O, father, dear father!" she exclaimed, in agony and tears, as she kissed the clay cold cheek of her departed parent, "it is over, it is over—she is gone—mother is gone from us for ever!"

"God's will be done, my child, and may He, in his mercy, grant us strength to bear our accumulation of afflictions."

"If she were only restored to us—in life again—smiling as she smiled—I would be happy. The loss of wealth is nothing, nothing, father—that may be regained—but, O, my mother——" sobs, sighs, and tears choked her utterance, and she embraced the clay cold corpse.

"Be resigned, my daughter," said Mr. Alstyne, with a bursting heart; "Heaven that chastens us, tempers the blast to the shorn lamb. Pray for strength and patience in this hour of sorrow."

On the very day of the funeral, as he was about to commit dust to dust, ashes to ashes, by execution issued, Mr. Alstyne's furniture was sold—true the hour of sale was delayed and the time of burial hastened, so that the sheriff and mourners might not meet together. Unfeeling, cruel as this act was—and improbable as it may appear in a Christian land, there was a man base, sordid, and inhuman enough to do it. This was the climax of Mr. Alstyne's fate! Grief followed misfortune, and despair succeeded to both! The measure of his woes was full.

"Why do they not drag me to a jail!" he bitterly cried, "why do they not lodge me there, to hide me from the world, and tear me from my daughter! But they think it kindness, perhaps, that they permit me to breathe the fresh air. Kindness! O, misery, misery! God grant that my senses be preserved to me."

In this extremity, Charlotte—the only tie that bound him to the world—could neither counsel nor comfort him—bowed to the earth with the heavy load of tribulation and woe—she was but the shadow of the gay, laughing girl that she had been but a few weeks before! How sad and soon the change!

In a very short time, Mr. Alstyne was forced to leave that house in which he had hoped to close his eyes in peace with all mankind, soothed by a loving wife and an affectionate child. With scarcely a dollar in his purse he rented a small tenement in another part of the city, and lived in retirement. He had no heart to visit his former scenes, and no courage to seek either the means of re-establishing himself in business, or even temporary employment. His hope were destroyed, his pride was crushed, his heart was withered!—Friends esteemed him, sympathised with his misfortunes, and condemned his oppressors.—To cheer his spirits and amend his fortune, they proposed to apply for a new Insurance Company, with the view of placing him at the head of it. The charter was obtained. A year had passed, however, since the commencement of his woes—in that year, he became an altered man, unworthy of trust, incompetent to manage business—he had tasted of intoxicating draughts—driven to despair, he sought to drown his mortified feelings in ardent spirits—till by degrees the excitement which they produced became necessary, as he could not reclaim himself.—He who despised and shunned the world, soon taught the world to shun and despise him.—It is unnecessary to trace the steps that led him to the fearful abyss—in a word, he became a drunkard!

Where was Charlotte in this hour of degradation and penury, and woe? Did she forsake the father who reared her? Did she, like the world, despise him? No! True in heart, faithful in affliction, she never forsook her father! With her needle or pencil she labored early and late to support him—she could not even deny him the means which led him to dissipation. Poor girl, blame her not!—When the sheriff seized the furniture of her paternal home—her own little property was reserved. Article by article she sold to meet her daily wants; the piano was the last thing she parted with, for that was George's favorite instrument—she could not but remember how many happy hours were associated with her piano—it was a bitter pang, but she sold it!—Nothing now remained but a scanty wardrobe. Those brought up in affluence are unable to understand on how small a pittance mere human nature may be supported—it is a hard, hard lesson, which experience, gained by misery and suffering, only teaches.

In those days of distress, her beauty though much faded, still had charms to attract, and more than one fashionable fool, who, in other

times would not have dared approach her with an unhallowed thought, much less speak it, offered to her splendor on dishonorable terms. With dignity and disdain she spurned the insulting proposal. In the face of starvation her virtue was unconquerable. Deserted by those, who, in former days professed enduring friendship—without almost an acquaintance in the world—though her heart sickened, she never forgot her self respect, nor the vow she had plighted to him who was far away. What she could not avoid, she bore. What she could not remedy, she forgave.

If through a magic glass George Gilmore could now see Charlotte Alstyne, what would be his feelings! Would he love her still, and if not able to alleviate, share her misery? To do so, he must be one picked out of ten thousand. He had been gone something more than two years—he left her in affluence—she is now in penury, the tenant of a small room in the upper part of Greenwich—her mother sleeping in the grave, and her father, miserable and broken hearted, seeking in dissipation forgetfulness of his woes. If George could see her in the long dreary winter nights, as she watched and listened, in her solitary lodging, to catch the sound of her father's returning step—and when he has returned—debased—would he not applaud the devotedness that met him with a smile, and tended him like a ministering angel?

A cold, cold winter preceded the summer; during the course of which, George was expected to return. She found little employment—and she had little time to work, for dissipation and exposure had stretched her father upon the bed of sickness and attention to him occupied much of her time. She was too proud to tell her wants—too independent to seek assistance from those who had so unfeelingly deserted her—silently and patiently she bore her sorrows. One day as she sat by her father's bedside, busy with her needle to earn her daily bread, she thought on former and on present times. How great the contrast—how severe her afflictions! She felt not the loss of wealth, she sighed not for the smiles of former associates; but she thought, were her saluted mother alive to bless her, and her father in health to comfort her, she would toil for both and live upon a pittance in this humble abode. She looked upon her finger, there was the plain gold ring—the only one of all her jewels that she had not parted with—she vowed she would keep and cherish it through every trial and affliction—it was George's last gift.—Where was he now? What dangers he must

have encountered, what hardships endured; and what might he not yet have to suffer before he returned, if indeed he ever should return—she had not heard from him in a long time; and when he last wrote he was ignorant of her father's failure. Would he be faithful to his plight in this reserve of fortune?

The spring days at last came on; the beautiful sun again shone forth from an unclouded sky, and all nature looked re-animated—but it was winter still in Charlotte's heart. The gaudy belles, once her associates, were thronging Broadway, with light heart and light step, but Charlotte sat watching by her father's couch, where he lay sick, pale, and emaciated a spectacle of human woe. Charlotte, brave girl! strove by those winning ways which affection only can devise, to cheer and comfort him: lest it should distress him, she bore without a murmur, nay, with a smile, her sad reverses. Sitting by his bedside with her pencil or needle, she would sing a merry song, or tell a jocund tale to beguile the time.—Often she would speak of George Gilmore—ask many questions about the various places he must have visited, and tell that every hour he might now be expected to return, when his presence would bring gladness to both. "We have not heard from George," said she one day, when her father felt much better and stronger, "since last spring; the summer days are coming, when he will return, we shall be happy then, so very happy, father."

"Perhaps, like the rest of our friends, daughter," said Mr. Alstyne, bitterly, "he will not come near us;" this Greenwich is a cold, comfortless place, Charlotte.

"But George never will desert us—I cannot think he will. I would not wrong him with to unkind a thought."

"In prosperity friends flatter and smile—in adversity they spurn and neglect. We have seen it, Charlotte, we have felt it deeply and severely. But I have been a sinful man."

"O say not so, father!"

"You can pardon me, for you know the heavy load of suffering and sorrow that has made me an altered man. What will become of you when I am dead?"

Charlotte could not answer him, but hid her head in his lap and sobbed aloud.

"And thy fair hand," he continued, "has had to labor for my support, and thy delicate frame has borne burdens; I never thought it would have come to this. Had thy mother lived it would have broken her heart."

"O, my dear father, do not reproach thyself—I am never so happy as when working for you—never so contented as when you are comforted: say no more—for it will make me sad, very sad, father."

"Well, well, my child. I think it was yesterday that you brought home some groceries, wrapped in an old newspaper—is it destroyed?"

"No, father, no."

"Let us hear what it says of this ungrateful selfish world, and that will change our theme."

Charlotte with alacrity did as requested: she had read of politics, of news foreign and domestic, when her father said—"Now my daughter, let us know what arrivals there are."—She turned to the *Marine* head, the paper in an instant dropped from her hand, as she jumped and joyously exclaimed, "O, George has arrived—he is home again, we all shall be happy, so happy, so very happy, father."

"Home! home!" echoed Mr. Alstyn, yet we have not seen him; no! we are poor, miserable, neglected—he thinks not of us. I forgive him—'tis the way of the world. Tho' he has forgotten us, I forgive him Charlotte."

"And I forgive him too!" sobbed Charlotte—after a short pause. Her first feelings were those of boundless joy—she only thought of George's return—but when her father's words sounded mournfully in her ears—she considered that though he had been home several days, yet he had not sought her out, and her burst of joy was followed by bitter mortification and grief. "Forget us!" she exclaimed, as the tears streamed down her pale cheeks. "O, say not so, father! do not wrong him! Tell me that I am sick, that he is poor as we are; that he has sought us, but in vain—that the world has deceived him regarding us—any thing—say any thing, but that he has forgotten us."

"We have not had a letter from him in more than a year; he has heard of our misfortune—of mother's death—your helpless state, and my degradation, and he, like the rest of the hard-hearted world, forsakes us."

"No, no, no, father, I will not believe it—it cannot be."

"He remembers not my kindness, nor his vows to you!"

"It will break my heart!" father—it will break my heart! But I will seek him myself, and hear it from his own lips, ere I will believe it."

"Never, daughter, never!" replied Mr. Alstyn, sternly, "expose not yourself to his contumely—he would fain not to remember you

—perhaps spurn you. It would make me hate him—ay, hate him, daughter—I could tear him in pieces."

"O, be calm, father—for that wild manner, which I never saw till now, frighten me.—You will yourself seek him then."

"I will not: I would rather die the death of a masterless dog."

Some days after this, Mr. Alstyn, at the solicitation of his daughter, had walked out to enjoy the fresh air: in a few hours he returned, in a plight more degraded than she had ever seen him before. She soon persuaded him to rest upon his pillow; and while he lay unconscious of her feelings, she sat in tears, sorrowing over her miserable, hopeless condition. Three days were passed since she knew that George had arrived—yet she had neither seen, nor heard from him. Three years of suffering did not exceed the agony of those three days. Suddenly a boy—who had often kindly run an errand for her—entered, and said, "Here's a gentleman asking for Miss Charlotte." It was George Gilmore!—He clasped her in his arms; it was a long, fond, passionate embrace:

"Charlotte, my Charlotte," at length, he said, "I am home, and we shall be happy."

"O, George, dear George," she murmured, and hid her head in his bosom.

"Thy kind mother is gone—bless her! and thy father,—I see him there—how altered!" He parted the dark hair upon her pale brow, and fondly, yet sadly gazing on her face, continued, "A change is written there! though this face is not so blooming, it is not less lovely—but thy heart, Charlotte, I know it has not changed. You love me still, I know you do; that blush speaks all."

"You look pale; I fear you have been sick."

"Sick in heart only, because I could not find you. Do you remember this picture?—I have worn it since we parted. By heaven, it smiles!—and Charlotte, you shall smile even like your picture."

"O no, no. How did you find me in this cheerless place?"

"I arrived a week ago; though it was late in the evening, I hurried to your home. With an anxious heart I approached the door—mirth and music sounded within, lights glared, and merry people laughed. I was happy, I rang, and asked for you: I thought I should have died when they told me you had not lived there in two years. Would you believe it? Not one could tell me where you resided: how I hated them! This very morning,

by mere chance, I overheard one speak of you, and describe your place of abode. I paused not an instant, but hurried to your arms."

"You see me neglected, humble, and poor."

"I am rich, Charlotte, and you shall out-shine the gayest."

"Had we met as we parted!—but I am changed, very much changed, George."

"Not in your love for me."

"No! not in my love—but changed to all the world, save you and my dear father."

"You shall never toil again; and skilful advice, with care, may restore your father to health, ay, and to honor; and we shall be happy together."

"No, George, no: when you were poor, he would not consent to our union—now I am poor: hapless, miserable, motherless, as I am, I will not degrade you. I have been neglected, forsaken by the world. I will not hold you to a vow, that would humble you in the eyes of those who have long ceased to think of me—who have shunned me. Here is the plain gold ring—the only thing of all I possessed when we parted, that is left. For your sake, George, I treasured it—to you I restore it; take it back, and with it, a release of the vow you plighted. May heaven bless you, George, and make you happy. I will be happy, too."

"You cannot; do not, mean what you say, Charlotte! Had I met you in prosperity, wedded to another, I think I should have been contented; but to see you thus—faithful in love, yet denying me the greatest joy, the dearest hope—Charlotte, you cannot mean what you say."

"You will soon forget me; and when you marry, I shall hear of it without a sigh—for you will be happy. And, if permitted to see her I shall love her for your sake, as I do you, George."

"Do you remember your parting words?—tell me, do you remember them? I have not forgotten them. 'Come, if in poverty,' you said, 'I will comfort you; if in sickness, I will nurse you; come, if bereft of every friend I will be thine own, thy Charlotte still, and love you dearer in misfortune.' These were your words, Charlotte. Had I been as you are now, would you not have consented to be mine?"

"You were poor when I first loved you; had you continued poor, why should not I love you still?"

"If I am rich, Charlotte, I owe my fortune to your father—think of that—and consider,

while enjoying what I possess, you are but sharing your own."

"What do you mean, George? I do not understand this?"

"It was your father that named me supercargo; the emoluments of that did not make me rich; but the large adventure which his generosity enabled me to ship, is more than quintupled. Though I spoke exultingly of wealth, I am not rich among the rich; some thirty thousand dollars is all I possess—merely enough to commence business. Now you will relent—I know you will."

"I do not understand this George."

"Charlotte, you distract me; answer yes—or deny me, and every cent I have, except my bare commissions, I shall pay to your father, and his greedy creditors will devour it before to-morrow noon; for I shall see that they are informed of it."

"O, George, I know not what to say; let me think of it till to-morrow."

"On one condition I consent—that with your father, you leave this place within an hour, and with me find comfortable lodgings."

She consented.

About three weeks after this interview, an old man, whose days were evidently almost run, lay on an elegant couch in a spacious and well furnished apartment of a fashionable boarding house in Broadway; a young lady and gentleman sat by the bedside, gazing mutely on the quiet and placid features of the sick. They had not been together more than half an hour, when a servant announced the Rev. Dr. Romaine. The divine, stately in person, and reverend in looks, entered and approached the old man. Taking the hand, he soothingly asked, "How do you feel to-day, sir?"

"Very easy and comfortable; Doctor, I never hoped to have had in this world the content and happiness that I feel in this hour. Here is my daughter—as good a child as ever parent smiled upon—and here is one who loves her. My days on earth will not be many, and ere the cold clod is heaped upon my head, I would fain see my child united to the man she loves, and one so worthy of her. You have been invited, sir, to perform the holy ceremony of marriage between my daughter, Charlotte Alstye, and this young man, George Gilmore. I give her freely to him, and my blessing to both."

"Your desire shall be gratified, sir," replied the reverend gentleman.

"We were desirous, Doctor, of postponing the ceremony," said George, "till Mr. Al-

styme is convalescent. We hope to see him soon well again."

"I shall never know health—I shall never leave this room alive. When I am gone, she would be alone on the earth, with none to help or heed her, save George; and if not married, the censorious world might speak unkindly of them. Doctor, we have endured scorn, and neglect, and contumely; we have bitterly proved the truth of that (rite saying. 'Wealth has many friends, poverty none.' I will not have this marriage delayed. When I am gone, she might, out of respect to my memory—or, I should say, out of respect to the customs of that world which has so despised her—she might postpone the nuptials for a few months; and what may not happen in a few months? Here, at my bedside, shall she be married this hour. Charlotte, shall it not be so. These tears speak for her. She never disobeyed me."

"Mr. Alstyme," said the reverend gentleman, "I am ready to proceed. You expect friends to be witnesses of the ceremony."

"Sir, we have no friends, I never had a friend; or if I had, he must have died years ago. He, who is to be my son, is a man of many friends, as the world goes; and yet, with a nobleness of heart that marks him one in a million, he takes to wife the friendless man's daughter. Heaven will reward him!"

When the ceremony was completed, and the divine had pronounced them man and wife, Mr. Alstyme kissed his daughter affectionately, and warmly embraced George Gilmore. "God bless you my children," said he. "May you be happy. This is the last, fond wish of a dying parent. If your sainted mother could be permitted to know this union, her blessing would descend from heaven upon you both. Now I can die in peace and content."

Mr. Alstyme grew weaker daily. A shattered constitution was fast sinking under a change of life; for since George's return, he had not tasted the intoxicating draught.—Happy that his daughter was united to the man of her choice, at peace with all the world, and sincerely repentant, Mr. Alstyme died.

Since that day many years have passed. Mr. and Mrs. Gilmore, have a lovely family around them; fortune has shone upon both; and, though, neither desire to whirl in the vortex of fashion, yet their house is the resort of a chosen few, whom they respect and esteem.

One bad example spoils many good precepts.

From the Harford Pearl.

The heart which dictated and the mind which executed these simple yet moving verses, we respect,—and the accomplished author may be assured that there is "a chord in our harp of a thousand strings," which her verses cannot fail to touch when she writes thus sweetly. By some, such poetry may be called puerile; but we cannot envy, and hope never to possess feelings which can pass such sentence.

The Happy Peasant Girl.

I would not be a city-miss
To be clad in splendor gay,
To dally wear a tissue dress,
And walk o'er brick-paved way—
'Tis sweeter far, for me, to run
And skip about with glee,
In russet gown and apron dun,—
A Peasant Girl, to be.

I would not have a servant bring
The water to bathe my face,
I'd rather dip it from the spring,
And wash in my flint stone vase—
Which stands beneath a shady tree,
Where vines around it curl—
Oh who that would not rather be
A happy Peasant Girl?

I would not live in city style,
With a bird-cage in my room,
And hear the captive all the while
Bewailing his hapless doom!
'T would make me sad—for now I dwell
Where birds are sitting free,
And since I love their songs so well
A Peasant still I'll be.

I love to see my cade lamb skip
And stamp with his horny feet—
Or in the milk his sweet mouth dip,
And his head then raise and bleat,
The city miss her birds may get,
And wear her finery,
'Tis happier far here with my pet
A Peasant Girl to be.

I love to see the squirrel skip
On the boughs with joyful scream—
I love to see the swallow dip
His wings in the limpid stream—
I love to see the pebbly stream
In little eddies whirl,
And watch a night the fire-fly beam,
And be a Peasant Girl.

And when all earthly joys are past,
And my latest breath has fled—
When I am in the coffin cast,
And numbered among the dead,—
I'll sleep beneath this shady tree,
Where flowers and woodbines curl,
And my short epitaph shall be,
"Here lies the Peasant Girl."

WHIMS AND NAMES.—A friend relates to us that a family of children, by the name of *Fellow*, nine in number, whose christian names afford a variety of characters not uncommon among some men in this region, viz: *Good*, *Bad*, *Ordinary*, *Strong*, *Weak*, *Poor*, *Rich*, *Patient*, and *Sorrowful*. The father's name was *Jolly*, and the mother's *Sweet*.

For the Magnolia.

THE STUDENT OF HOLSTEIN.

In the beautiful town of Kiel, in the dutchy of Holstein, it is customary for the students to celebrate the opening of the year, by meeting in the market place and singing; as the clock strikes twelve, Voss' celebrated hymn of "the year's last hour." They then promenade the streets with lighted torches stopping at the Professors doors, where a select body enter to present the congratulations of the students.

It happened on one of these occasions, that Maurice Kelper was chosen to represent his classmates in presenting to Professor B. the compliments of the year.

Maurice was like the generality of his countrymen, brave, open and generous, indued with a profundity of thought, a strong and enthusiastic admiration, and to these qualities he united a romantic ardour with the pride and diffidence so commonly attached to the studious scholar.

Professor B. had a daughter, whom the poor student regarded with enthusiastic admiration. He had at first seen her in the church of St. Nicholas, and the devotions which should have been paid to the services, were too exclusively bestowed on the beautiful Christina.

It had never occurred to Maurice K. while conning over his studied address, that Christina B. might be a witness to his intended display of fascinating eloquence. Had such an idea occurred, the task would have been relinquished in despair. How great then was the surprise and confusion of the bashful student, when he found himself ushered into the presence of the venerable Professor and his noble looking daughter. The speech that had been studied, nay practiced upon for hours, vanished from his memory, like the dews of heaven before the dazzling influence of the sun. After an innumerable number of coughs, hems and blushes, he succeeded in delivering an extempore address. To the intelligible part of it the Professor replied, and with his accustomed urbanity, he sought to reassure the discomfited student—but the self pride of the latter was too much shaken, to allow of his being easily put at ease with himself, and after receiving the reply of the Professor, he withdrew from the scene of his confusion.

Although his failure was to him a source of vexation; to Christina it formed a subject of no small amusement, and proved the topic of an hours conversation, between her and a young companion, who, endeavored in vain to shield the student from some of the ridicule so unmercifully bestowed by Christina. Eu-

genia Leyden, (for that was the name of Christina's companion,) was by birth a Hollander, who, in consequence of the struggles of her native province, with the Spaniards, had been educated at Holstein, under the care of Professor B. and his amiable lady. Miss Leyden was—but I cannot describe her, fortunately, perhaps for her, was it that the more dazzling beauty of Christina, eclipsed in part, her more gentle and unassuming graces; else, like Christina, she might have learnt to set too much value on outward beauty. But if Christina, was the genius of nobility personified—Miss Leyden was the graces; the very glance of Christina's eyes, seemed to command admiration, while the softer haze of Eugenia's shrunk from observation. It was not surprising that the student should with his romantic ardour invest the beautiful Christina, in his imagination, with more perfection's, than usually fall to the lot of us common mortals. The obstacles which the pride of birth and wealth had placed between them, but served to increase his misplaced devotion, to have won the heart of Christina, however hopeless their love, would be as he supposed the height of his wishes, but the winter passed away without his being one step nearer to his desired object; Spring came, and with it the fields, redolent in life and beauty—the bright blooming flowers again put forth from their leafy foliage, and the twittering of birds, mingled with the sound of human voices, and the sweet tones of lisping children, who were once more led forth, to taste the freshness of a bright spring morning, on the richly fringed banks of the Kieler Fiord. It was on a rural excursion, on the Kieler Fiord, that the student one morning, met the Professor with his daughter and Miss Leyden. There was something so repulsive in the manner of Christina, that the student drew up with mortified pride, and coldly offered his arm to Eugenia; but they had not proceeded far together, before they fell into an easy and an agreeable conversation,—Maurice was insensibly struck with the beauty of Miss Leyden's remarks, for on every subject which he introduced, he found her happily conversant. Christina had not, like Miss Leyden, improved the advantages of education; the lighter accomplishments were considered by her sufficient, as long as art and beauty could gloss over the want of those internal qualifications, that never fail to compensate their owner for the labor and care spent in obtaining them;—chance more frequently favored the student with the society of Christina and Miss Leyden, the

former always received him with a haughty graciousness, that told how far she imagined she was humbling herself, in her intercourse with the poor student; but he lacked not discernment, in discovering beneath the polished exterior of her character—faults he had never dreamed of, and he frequently sought in the conversation of Miss Leyden, a respite from the exacting homage required by the petulant beauty. It was almost imperceptibly, that he transferred the rich gift of his affections, on the ingratiating Hollander. His love, or more properly termed, his admiration, had been but an enthusiastic passion, filled with the ideal fancies of a youthful imagination, for Miss Leyden, he entertained a more settled and lasting passion, which was founded on the firm basis of solid worth. But Maurice was poor—and how could he, as obscure as he was, think of offering himself to Eugenia Leyden. He had been informed by the Professor, who had marked his growing attachment, of the utter hopelessness of his success, should he attempt a proposal. Eugenia, was but a dependant on a noble family in Holland, and was, as Maurice had been told, qualifying herself as governess, in one of the younger branches. To her, he had never declared his passion; knowing its hopelessness, he wisely resolved to tear himself gradually from her presence.—Alas! how often are our firmest resolutions shaken by the hour of trial;—on his next visit, he was startled by the intelligence of her intended a return home in a few days. All his resolutions vanished, and he who had flattered himself with firmness, burst forth at once with the avowal of his hopeless love, his long struggle, and the obscurity and poverty of his lot. Eugenia heard with calmness, what she had long known, and when the student paused, amid his passionate exclamations, she unhesitatingly confessed her attachment, and pointed out to the hopeless student, a future prospect of hope.

"My situation as a governess," said Eugenia, is more from from caprice than necessity. I had taken a fancy to visit Holstein, and my indulgent parent, unable to devote, his time, or care upon me, placed me under the instruction of Professor B. in order that I might be qualified according to my wishes, both as a companion & instructor to the young daughter of the Duke Guelderland. The latter has an unbounded influence over my father, and should you prevail on him to favor your suit and intercede for you, your election may be more successful than you anticipate. Maurice will you seek me and try?"

Maurice raised his eyes, and as he caught the half rogueish expression of her smile, he for a moment doubted the truth of her love—but as he marked the look of sadness, that followed his reproachful gaze, he believed and promised the ensuing spring, to seek her in Holland. The next day Miss Leyden, departed for home, and Maurice found himself obliged to pass the lengthened winter, in the uncertainty of hope and fear.

It was at the commencement of a lovely day, that Kelper entered the busy city of Arnheim. The sun was just rising above the horizon, casting its bright reflection on the broad Rhine, that swept onward in its majestic course through the wide favoring land.—It was a lonely scene, and the student paused to gaze on the broad river, as it rolled on in an almost startling and fearful depth below, until his eye became wearied with the unbounded space. Then with a beating heart he proceeded onward, to the Ducal palace of Arnheim. It was just after the famous treaty of Munster; and Maurice felt, as he saw the busy throng of statesmen issuing from the castle, that his business could attract but little attention among the weightier matters of state; after pacing the entrance saloon, for nearly two hours, he was ushered into the presence of the Duke of Guelderland. The latter was alone, pacing the apartment with an abstracted air—twisting in his fingers, the card that Maurice had previously sent in. By a bold effort, Kelper made known his business, the Duke, in the meanwhile, regarding him from head to foot.

"Humph!" ejaculated the latter, as Maurice concluded, "this is a somewhat strange business, why not seek the young lady's father and plead your own cause—you seem well qualified for the task."

"Because I was requested to do otherwise, and before taking such a step, I would first, with your permission, see Miss Leyden."

Right, right! young man—your wish shall be gratified, you shall see the silly girl and the fool of a doting father, at once." The duke rung the bell, and an attendant entered, "tell the lady Eugenia, her attendance is required. Be seated young man, for these ladies are not over prompt in their attendance."

But Maurice declined seating himself, and stood with fabled arms in the window recess, wandering how the strange scene would end, in a few minutes Miss Leyden, rustled by into the presence of the duke, and the student stood like one spell-bound, as the words of "Father, did you send for me," came from her lips.

"I did," replied the Duke with a smile,

"You have hitherto declined every proposal, I have seen fit to offer you; this must no longer be—I have sent for you, to command your alliance with him," (pointing to the student) "who seems unable at present, to pay to the Lady Eugenia, the respect due to her rank. Take her, sir, she is yours."

"Never! never," said Eugenia, (without regarding Kelper.) "If you love me father wed me not to him."

"Young man," said the duke, "you hear her rejection, from her own lips."

"Tis well," said Maurice, forgetting in his confusion, that Eugenia knew not to whom her father alluded. "Tis well, had I known her rank, I should not have sued for her favor," and with a faint struggle, the student leaned against the casement. Eugenia started, as his voice met her ear, and as she turned and beheld the pale averted countenance of Maurice Kelper, a wild scream escaped her, then suddenly checking herself, she went to her father and kneeling at his feet, looked solemnly up into his face, and said,

"Father was the blessing—the command, meant? speak, and tell me once more, that you will give me to Maurice Kelper."

"Eugenia, your father has never yet deceived you," said the duke, crushing a tear from his eye, "Take her Kelper, she is yours, by her own consent, and my sanction;—when the Professor acquainted me with your attachment, I hastened her home. From the Professor, also have I learnt your character. He to whom I would have wedded her, has proved a villain and better for my Eugenia—will be a humble true heart, than a lordly false one."

Maurice, overwhelmed with gratitude, could only fall with Eugenia, at the feet of the generous father, who overcome by their emotion, and his own, retreated from the room.

"Christina," said the Professor as he entered his daughter's apartment,—"I have a small secret for you, a letter from the Duke of Guelderland, informs me that his daughter, (her whom you know, but as Miss Leyden) is united to my favorite student, Mr. Maurice Kelper. Christina started from her seat, and dropping the volume she had been perusing, walked to the window, to conceal her agitation. But it was in vain, the blanched cheek—the quivering lip—betrayed her hidden secret—she had loved Kelper from the first; but pride—pride, caused many pang to the heart of Christina B. though none proved more deep or lasting, than the one caused by her haughty love for the student of Holstein. A. B.

FORGOT ME NOT.

By Thomas Haynes Bayly, Esq.

Forget me not! Forget me not!
Who has not thought or said it!
By absent friends to be forgot!
Who is there does not dread it?
Who is there does not wish to leave
A purse of silken netting,
Or something, as preservative
Against the heart's forgetting?

But same in silence turn away;
Their deeper feelings let not
Their quivering lips have power to say—
"Farewell! Farewell! forget not!"
Even then the pressure of the hand,
The glance of fond affection,
Seem eloquently to demand
Unchanging recollection.

And one, the parting scene to shun,
Will smile in spite of sorrow,
And talk of all that may be done
With some dear friend to-morrow:
Morn comes—and he is gone! from me
'Twere cruel thus to sever;
Not to have seen the last of thee
Would grieve my heart for ever.

Yet, such will leave, as others do,
An amicable token,
Meant to express the fond adieu,
That never has been spoken:
Some gift, which plainly will betray
The heart's instinctive yearning,
To be remembered when away,
And loved when home returning.

In short, 'tis a "Forget me not,"
But not the flower we call so,
For 'tis its perishable lot
To be forgotten also.
It is a book we christen thus,
Less fleeting than the flower;
And 'twill recall the past to us
With talismanic power.

It is a gift that friend to friend
At parting will deliver;
And love with his own name will bless
The dear name of the giver.
So pure, so blameless, is this book,
That wise and wary sages
Will lend young Innocence to look
Upon its tasteful pages.

Avarice of a Persian King.

The Avarice of Aga Mohammed sometimes betrayed him into awkward and even ludicrous predicaments. While superintending certain punishments one day, he heard a man who had been sentenced to lose his ears, offering to the executioner a few pieces of silver, "if he would not shave them very close." He ordered the culprit instantly to be called, and told him that if he would double the sum his ears should not be touched. The man, believing this to be only a facetious manner of announcing his pardon, prostrated himself,

uttered his thanks, and was retiring, when he was recalled and given to understand, that payment was really expected as the condition of his safety.

On another occasion, he himself disclosed a conspiracy to defraud his nobles. Riding out with some courtiers, a mendicant met the party, to whom the king, apparently struck with his distress, ordered a large sum to be given. The example was, of course, followed by all, and the beggar obtained a very considerable sum. That night the sovereign's impudence betrayed his secret—"I have been cheated," said he to his minister; "that scoundrel of a mendicant, whom you saw this morning, not only promised to return my own money, but to give me half of what he should receive through its means from others!"—Horsemen were instantly ordered in pursuit; but the fellow took care not to be caught, and the courtiers laughed in their sleeve at his majesty's disappointment.

A Fable.

A thistle happened to spring up very near to a sensitive plant. The former, observing the extreme bashfulness and delicacy of the latter, thus addressed her:

"My good neighbor, why are you so modest and reserved as to withdraw your leaves from the approach of strangers? Take example and advice from me; if I liked not their familiarity I would make them keep their distance, nor should any saucy finger provoke me unavenged."

"Our tempers and qualities," replied the sensitive plant, "are widely different. I have neither the ability or inclination to give offence; yet, it seems, are not destitute of either. My desire is to live peaceable in the station wherein I am placed; and though my humility may cause me a moment's uneasiness, it tends on the whole to preserve my tranquility and safety. The case is otherwise with you, whose irritable temper and revengeful disposition will probably be the cause of your destruction."

While they were thus arguing the point, the gardener came with his little spade in order to lighten the earth round the stem of the sensitive plant, but perceiving the thistle he thrust his instrument through the root of it, and directly tamed it out of the garden.

NEW DISCOVERIES.—An eastern gentleman, *Yankee Nix*, has given notice that he has discovered how to fly, and informs all engaged in such *fofy* speculations, that they may cease

from their labors, as the object is attained. This flying machine has not as yet been exhibited, but it is supposed to be moved by the same power as the one invented a few years ago, which would chase a hog round a ten acre field and catch him; ring him, and yoke him, with the greatest facility.

ORIGINAL ANECDOTE.—An old Connecticut farmer, who cherished an inveterate antipathy against pedlars, was once accosted by one of these "travelling merchants" with—"Good morning, sir. Couldn't I sell you some of my dry goods to-day?" Well I don't know—very possible you might—let's see what you have got." The pedlar accordingly unshrouded his pack, and displayed them tempting to the examination of the farmer. "Is that all you have to sell?" said the farmer. "Yes—what more do you want?" "Why, I want a good large sized grindstone." "Do you suppose, sir, that I would carry grindstones on horseback?" "I beg pardon," said the farmer, "I tho't you was a *fool*."—*Liv. Mer.*

It was a beautiful turn given by a lady, who being asked where her husband was, when concealed for having been deeply concerned in a conspiracy, resolutely answered that she had hidden him. This confession caused her to be brought before the Governor, who told her that nothing but confessing where she had hidden him could save her from torture.—"And will that do?" said she. "Yes," replied the Governor—"I will pass my word, for your safety on that condition." "Then" said she, "I have hidden him in my heart, where you may find him." This surprising answer charmed the Governor, and procured her husband's pardon.

EXCLUDING AND INCLUDING.—A wag one day asked his friend, "How many knives do you suppose are in this street, besides yourself?" "Besides myself!" replied the other in a heat, "do you mean to insult me?"—"Well then," said the first, "how many do you reckon, including yourself?"

Friendship as often freezes in the atmosphere of apathy, as consumes in the blaze of anger.

Died,

In New Lebanon, on the 26th ult. Mrs. Ellen Gilbert, wife of Elisha Gilbert, Esq. of a cancerous affliction, aged 65 years.

In this city, on the 3d inst. Mrs. Elisabeth Clark, aged 48 years.

SUMMER WIND.

By William C. Bryant.

It is a sultry day; the sun has drunk,
 The dew that lay upon the morning grass;
 There is no rustling in the lofty elm
 That canopies my dwelling—and its shade
 Scarce cools me: All is silent save the faint
 And interrupted murmurs of the bee,
 Settling on the thick flowers, and then again
 Instantly on the wing. The plants around
 Feel the potent fervors—the tall maize
 Rolls up its long green leaves; the clever droops
 Its tender foliage, and declines its blooms.
 But far in the fierce sunshine tower the hills,
 With all their growth of woods, silent and stern;
 As if the scorching heat and dazzling light
 Were but an element they loved. Bright clouds—
 Motionless pillars of the brazen heaven—
 Their bases on the mountains—their white tops
 Shining in the far ether—fire the air
 With a reflected radiance, and make turn
 The gazer's eye away. For me, I lie
 Languidly in the shade, where the thick turf,
 Yet virgin from the kisses of the sun,
 Retains some freshness; and I woo the wind
 That still delays its coming. Why so slow,
 Gentle and valuable spirit of the air;
 Oh, come and breath upon the fainting earth
 Coolness and life. Is it that in his caves
 He hears me? See, on yonder woody ridge,
 The pine is bending his proud top; and now
 Among the nearer groves, chestnut and oak
 Are tossing their green boughs about. He comes!
 Lo where the grassy meadow runs in waves!
 The deep distressful silence of the scene
 Breaks up with miggling of unnumbered sounds
 And universal motion. He is come
 Shaking a shower of blossoms from the shrubs
 And bearing on their fragrance; and he brings
 Music of birds, and rustling of young boughs,
 All sound of swaying branches, and the voice
 Of distant waterfalls. All green herbs
 Are stirring in his breath: a thousand flowers
 By the road side and borders of the brook
 Nod gaily to each other; glossy leaves
 Are twinkling in the sun, as if the dew
 Were on them yet; and silver waters break
 Into small waves, and sparkle as he comes.

THE HEADSMAN OF MENTZ.

A GERMAN LEGEND.

At the commencement of the fifteenth century there dwelt in the famous city of Mentz or Mayence, an aged man, an Italian by birth, named Castruccio. He was a being of singular and eccentric habits, and lived ostensibly by selling simples gathered and classed by himself, though it was whispered by many, that he had dealings with customers of a more dubious character than the honest burghers of Mentz. Perhaps the best answers to these gratuitous slanders was the quiet and inoffensive habits of Castruccio, who seldom went abroad, except when he attended mass; yet there were some who scrupled not to say that the Italian would engage to serve a customer with a drug that would rid a man of his neigh-

bor, for the trifling consideration of a few ducats. Report too, said that he was rich; and this, perhaps, of all things tended to place the vender of simples in a situation at once disagreeable and dangerous. He possessed the characteristic shrewdness and cunning of his countrymen, avoided the many traps that were laid for him, to the great mortification and disappointment of his enemies. Among those who looked upon the old man with an evil eye, were Franz and Ruprecht, the two sons of the governor, whose dissolute habits had rendered them needy and reckless, and they mutually resolved to seize upon their victim, and make him disgorge the treasure he was supposed to be the possessor of.

It was late on the evening of a September day, that a tall and martial looking man, wrapped in a huge cloak, which completely shrouded his person, strode down one of the narrow and most confined streets of Mentz. After looking about him to the right and left, he knocked at or rather rattled an iron ring, which was affixed to a rudely constructed door by means of an iron staple. Here lived Gortz, the public executioner of the city, a man whose dexterity in the use of that tremendous weapon, the German two-handed sword, had been shown on numberless occasions for many years past in the market place of Mentz. The first summons was unattended, when the knocking was repeated, until the streets re-echoed with the noise, for he who knocked, applied the toe of his boot to the purpose of a knocker, and banged and rattled until a heavy footstep heard within the gloomy dwelling, assured him that its inmate was roused. A moment after, the grisly head of a man protruded from a window or loophole above, and a gruff voice cried out—

"The fiend rive thee in tatters, thou graceless bird! what would'st thou with me at this hour?"

Gortz supposed he was bestowing this anathema upon some of his drinking companions, and was therefore somewhat surprised, at hearing his name pronounced in the voice of one of the governor's sons. His head, therefore, quickly disappeared, upon discovering his mistake, and he hastened to the door, half clad as he was, to meet his visitor.

"Ah! Herr Ruprecht, is it you?" exclaimed the headsman, holding his iron lamp aloft to take a full survey of his disturber. He was about to mutter some apology for the uncourteous reception, when he was interrupted by Ruprecht, who bade him dress with all possible speed and follow him. Gortz

knew too well the fiery temper of his visiter, to offer to remonstrate, and therefore stepped up stairs, slipped on the remainder of his clothes, took his two-handed sword from the wall, and throwing his red cloak around him, departed with Ruprecht, who bent his steps towards the city prison. At a signal given by Ruprecht, they were instantly admitted, and Gortz was conducted down into a spacious vault, containing a large table, and a lamp which cast an uncertain and flickering light around, and shewed that part of the tiled floor was fresh strewed with saw dust. "Ha!" cried the headsman, as his eyes glanced on these preparations, "here is some more nightly practice, another to be sent on his journey without priest or prayer—who can this be?"

"Hold thy peace, Gortz," said Ruprecht, sternly, "and wait here till I return to thee." He disappeared as he spoke, through a small door on one side of the vault, and presently the headsman heard the voices of men in altercation.

"They are wringing a confession from the poor wretch," muttered Gortz, as he moved towards the dungeon, and applied his ear to the door. "Have mercy on me, and I will disclose all," said a feeble voice within.—"Quick then," replied the voice of Ruprecht, "for one waits without, who will render all thy riches valueless, if thou art obstinate."—Gortz kept his ear closer to the door, that he might not lose a word that the prisoner should disclose, and heard the same feeble voice reply thus. "Gentlemen, I protest before God, that what wealth I possess, is not worth your acceptance; but such as it is it shall be at your disposal, so that you will suffer me to depart to my own country to-morrow."

"We have sworn it to thee," replied Ruprecht and his companion, whom Gortz knew to be his brother Franz.

"Then harken to me," said the same faint voice, "ye know the ruined chapel in the valley on the opposite bank of the Rhine?"

"We do!"

"Against one of the broken pillars stands a tomb; within it are placed what few valuables I feared to keep in my own dwelling."

"Good," said Franz, with bitter emphasis, "thou hast made thy confession, and thou canst not die at a better time; prepare thyself old man, for thou hast not many minutes to live." A faint cry of distress, followed by a noise of struggling, obliged Gortz to quit his station and return to the middle of the vault. He had hardly regained it, when the door of the dungeon opened, and Franz and

Ruprecht appeared, each holding an arm of Castruccio, the vender of simples. The poor Italian's frame was palsied, on beholding the grim figure of Gortz, who stood with his red cloak hanging on one shoulder, and his hands resting on his two-handed sword. His countenance, at all times fierce and unprepossessing, was not improved by the glare of the lamp, and the unearthly hue which it received from the reflection of the flame colored cloak. The whole scene was worthy the pencil of Rembrandt or Albert Durer.

"Down on thy knees, old druggist" cried Franz, "and commend thy soul to thy patron saint." The Italian obeyed this order, but as he did so, he cast an impressive look on his tormentors, and his aged face was illumined by a smile, which they could not divine the meaning of; for it seemed to them somewhat strange, that he who had pleaded so earnestly for his life but a few moments before, should now meet death with apparent resignation.—Castruccio calmly bowed his head to receive the fatal stroke, and one of the brothers giving a signal to Gortz, the headsman stepped up to the side of his victim, and unsheathed his tremendous weapon, which flashed brightly in the lamp light. Another moment and the headless trunk of the old man fell convulsed upon the floor of the dungeon, while the head itself rolled to the feet of Franz, the eyes remaining open, and the countenance still retaining its dubious expression.

"Pshaw!" said Franz, spurning the mireraple relic with his foot, "this old rogue hath died as firmly as St. Paul himself; let us away, Ruprecht, and you, Gortz, get ye home—here is a purse for thy work."

"I thank your honor," said the executioner, taking the money, "and I hope the job was done to your satisfaction."

"Shrewdly performed," said both the brothers.

Gortz departed, his head filled with the singular confession which he had overheard in the dungeon. He proceeded homeward and returned to his bed, from which he had been so lately roused, but not to sleep, for his thoughts were bent on the treasure that the Italian had spoken of. He ruminated on the subject until morning, when he bethought himself, that by visiting the place that evening he might probably anticipate the brothers, who would not depart on the expedition till after dark. But then if they should detect him in the act of bearing away the treasure, his life would be sacrificed to their fury.—Still 'twas worth some risk, and if he succeeded

in his enterprise, a few hours hard toil in would carry him over the frontiers, far beyond the reach of their vengeance. He resolved to risk every thing; and in the evening before the city gates were shut, Gortz departed upon his expedition, well armed with sword and dagger. From a peasant who lived at a short distance from the city, he borrowed a wheel-barrow, and an iron bar to force open the tomb, together with a pickaxe and a spade. He was soon waded across the Rhine, and just as the moon was rising he ascended the hill, and entered the ruin described by the old man. The evening was serene and beautiful, not a breath of air rippled the clear stream of the Rhine below, and the full orb of the moon shed a holy light upon the waters, and glistened on the damaged tombs and pillars of the ruined chapel, where a long forgotten race had for many years mingled with their kindred dust. The headsman knew that no time should be lost, so grasping his iron bar, he was just about to commence his work of spoliation when the sound of voices in high dispute caused his blood to chill and his whole frame to shake like one in an ague fit. To hide his wheel barrow and tools behind a tomb, and to crouch himself behind another, was but the work of a moment: and luckily was it for the headsman that he acted so promptly, for he had scarcely concealed himself, when the figures of Franz and Ruprecht appeared in the moonlight.

"I tell thee, Franz," said one, "that I will not part with the share I have appropriated to myself but with my life. Am not I the elder brother? did I not first broach the scheme to thee, and did I not——?"

"Thou art a fool, Ruprecht—ay, a fool and a cheat; one who can pick out tasks of danger for others, but who fears to act himself. Greedy dog, by this light I shall henceforth be ashamed to call thee, brother."

"Sirrah," cried Ruprecht passionately, "I cannot brook this from thee! Silence, or by the Three Kings I shall be tempted to chastise thee on the spot."

A contemptuous "Pish!" was the only answer to his threat; but ere the echo of it had subsided, Ruprecht raising his hand smote his brother to the ground with great violence. Franz however, quickly raised himself, plucked his sword from its scabbard and rushed furiously on Ruprecht. Their weapons met with a clash so loud that an owl, which sat upon the wall above them, flew to a distance with a loud scream of alarm. The fight con-

tinued for some few moments, during which Gortz, kept his eye upon the combatants, whose figures he could easily distinguish as the moon was fast ascending the heavens. At length, Franz fell pierced through the body, and after a few struggles, lay dead at the feet of his brother. Wiping his bloody sword on his brother's cloak, the fratricide sheathed his weapon and proceeded to force off the top of the tomb. The iron rang loudly against the head stone, and presently the huge slab was thrown over by the vigorous arm of Ruprecht.

"Now," thought Gortz, "if I had my espion here I would cleave thee to the chine and seize upon the treasure; but the bodkin I have with me is of no service against one so well skilled in fence."

At that moment Ruprecht entered the tomb and Gortz expected to see him quickly issue from it with the treasure, when lo! a report of a piece of heavy ordnance broke upon the stillness of the night, and a huge column of smoke ascended from the tomb into the clear moonlight, while a heavy mass fell close by the terrified Gortz.—The headsman could no longer remain concealed, and starting from his hiding place he rushed out and stumbled over a human body; he looked down and beheld the scorched and blackened carcas of Ruprecht, his apparel still burning, and his features so horribly mutilated, that to identify them would have been impossible.

Alarmed by this report, and guided in the spot by the dense cloud which floated over the ruins, the alarmed peasantry proceeded to the scene of blood; but no one could explain the catastrophe save Gortz, and he had taken care to disappear from the spot with all possible celerity. It will be unnecessary to add that the wily Italian had deceived the brothers and obtained his revenge by directing them to the tomb, which he had charged with combustibles for that purpose, either himself or by means of a confidential agent. The good burghers of Mentz marvelled at the strange fate of the brothers; but the truth was not known until the death of Gortz, about twenty years afterwards, who in his last moments gave a minute account of the whole transaction, and with his life yielded up to another the office of *Headman of Mentz*.

"How long did Adam remain in Paradise before he sinned?" asked an amiable carapousa to her loving husband. "Till he got a wife," answered the husband calmly.

The Beauty of Liberty.

"In all things that have beauty, there is nothing to man more comely than liberty."—*Milton.*

When the dance of the shadows
At day-break is done,
And the cheeks of the morning
Are red with the sun;
When he sinks in his glory,
At eve, from the view,
And calls up the planet
To blaze in the blue:

There is beauty. But earth has no beauty to see,
More proud than the frost of a nation when free?

When the beautiful bend
Of the bow is above,
Like a collar of light
On the bosom of love;
When the moon in her mildness
Is floating on high,
Like a banner of silver
Hung out in the sky;

There is beauty. But earth has no beauty to see,
More proud than the frost of a nation when free.

In the depth of the darkness,
Unvaried in hue,
When shadows are veiling
The breast of the blue;
When the voice of the tempest
At midnight is still,
And the spirit of solitude
Sobs on the hill:—

There is beauty. But where is the beauty to see,
Like the broad beaming brow of a nation when free?

In the breath of the morning,
When Nature's awake,
And calls up the chorus
To chaunt in the brake;
In the voice of the echo,
Unfound in the woods;
In the warbling of streams,
And the foaming of floods:—

There is beauty. But where is the beauty to see,
Like the thrice hallow'd sight of a nation when free?

When the strivings of surges
Is mad on the main,
Like the charge of a column
Of pikes on the plain;
When the thunder is up
From his cloud-cradled sleep,
And the tempest is treading
The path of the deep:—

There is beauty. But where is the beauty to see,
Like the sun brilliant brow of a nation when free?

Don't be discouraged.

Don't be discouraged, if, in the outset of life, things do not go on smoothly. It seldom happens that the hopes we cherish of the future are realized. The path of life in the prospect, appears smooth and level enough, but when we come to travel it, we find it all up hill, and generally rough enough. The journey is a laborious one, and whether poor or wealthy, high or low, we shall find it so to our disappointment, if we have built on any other

calculation. To endure what is to be endured with as much cheerfulness as possible—and to elbow our way as easily as we can through the great crowd, hoping for little yet striving for much, is perhaps the true plan. But

Don't be discouraged, if occasionally you slip down by the way, and your neighbors tread over you a little; in other words, don't let a failure or two dishearten you—accidents happen; miscalculations will sometimes be made; things will turn out differently from our expectations, and we may be sufferers. It is worth while to remember that fortune is like the skies in April, sometimes cloudy, and sometimes clear and favorable; and as it would be folly to despair of again seeing the sun, because to-day is stormy, so it is unwise to sink into despondency, when fortune frowns, since in the common course of things, she may be surely expected to smile again. And again,

Don't be discouraged, if you are deceived in the people of the world, they are very rotten at the core. From sources such as these you may be most unexpectedly deceived; and you will naturally feel sore under such deceptions: but to these you must become used; if you fare as most people, they will lose their novelty before you grow gray, and you will learn to trust men cautiously, and examine their characters closely, before you allow them great opportunities to injure you.

Don't be discouraged, under any circumstances. Go steadily forward. Rather consult your own conscience, than the opinions of men, though the last is not to be disregarded. Be industrious; be frugal; be honest; deal in perfect kindness with all who come in your way, exercising a neighborly and obliging spirit in your whole intercourse; and if you do not prosper as rapidly as many of your neighbors, depend upon it you will be as happy.

"Who is that very red faced lady, pray?" said one gentleman to another at a rout.—
"Why," answered the other, with whom the lady in question was no favorite, "I take her to be the scarlet fever that goes about."

THE MAGNOLIA,

IS PUBLISHED EVERY OTHER SATURDAY, BY

P. DEAN CARRIQUE.

Hudson, N. Y., at One Dollar per annum, in advance.

Persons acting as Agents, on forwarding Five Dollars shall receive six copies, and in the same proportion for all they may obtain.

☐ All letters and communications must come postage paid to receive attention.